GARRICK's VAGARY:

OR,

ENGLAND RUN MAD.

With PARTICULARS of the

STRATFORD JUBILEE.

Quis Furor O Socii, quæ tanta Insania Cives! VIRG.

What epidemic Madness thro' the Land!

LONDON:

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GARRICK'S VAGARY.

OR,

ENGLAND RUN MAD.

With PARTICULARS of the

STRATFORD JUBILEE.

BRITISH MUSEUM

LONDON:

PREFACE.

THE immediate Object of this Performance being the conſtituent Members of our World dramatic, Male and Female, with their manifold Appendages; it is fitting, in order to give the Piece a more kindred Complexion to them, than Pamphlets in general have, to caſt it into ſomewhat of a theatrical Form, tho' but in a deſultory Series of irregular Scenes, wherein no ſtrict Regard ſhall be paid to either the Ariſtotelian or Horatian Rules of Art, commanding a ſcrupulous Adherence to the three Unities of Place or Scene, of Time, and of Action, Injunctions to which our Shakeſpeare but ſeldom, if ever, attended.

The Effect now propoſed is, by ſuch a miſcellaneous Production, to preſent to the Public a laughable What d'ye call it, ſome Thing or other, preceded by a Prologue, and followed by an Epilogue.

But perhaps an acute-noſed Critic, *homo naris acutæ*, might ſmell out here, as hath often been the Caſe in the Works of many an Author,

As learn'd Commentators view
In Homer more than Homer knew,

That

That altho' unconſciouſly as well as unintentionally to myſelf, I have hit upon the three Unities, and thus elaborately attempt to maintain that Doctrine.

1ſt, The Unity of Scene is undeniable in Regard to thoſe who go from London to Stratford, and return from Stratford to London by the ſame Road, ſtaging at the ſame Inns; becauſe the moſt abandoned Caviller cannot have the Effrontery to inſinuate even the Poſſibility of any Variation in the Article of Diſtance, as its being longer or ſhorter either Way—

2d, Unity of Time conveyeth to all literary Minds an Idea of ſome particular Period, to which the Adjective *one* can be added, as one Hour, one Day, one Week, one Month, one Year. No Work of poetical Invention is allowed to extend farther; and that is the indiſputable Prerogative of the Imperial Epic Muſe, as vouched for by Virgil's Æneid.

The Preparations, Progreſſions, and final Execution of the Stratford Jubilee, having been commenced in London, thence carried along the Road thither, thro' ſeveral Counties, for their Exhibition there, and then, afterwards, the bringing their Remains up, as well as the People who went down, could require a no leſs Duration of Time than from Sunday to Sunday incluſive, one Week; there is *Unity* of Time manifeſtly eſtabliſhed.

3d, The

3d, The laſt Unity is that of Action. Here Hypercriticiſm aſks, with a triumphal Leer, "What Denomination deſerves the Buſineſs from London to Stratford, as well as thence back again," and through a wanton Impatience thus pertly anſwers to its own Queſtion; "the Buſineſs or Action was one continued Series of Folly."

A Doubt having ariſen in our impartial Boſom as to the Validity of ſuch Proofs, we ſuſpend either giving, or refuſing our own, or entreating the Public's Rejection of, or implicit Aſſent to them, till in Conſequence of a calm and diſpaſſionate reading or hearing of the following Allegations now to be paſſed in Review.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

To be Spoken, or Sung.

O For the Genius of laughing Dean *Swift*,
For who could a Joke ſet better adrift?
Grant me, kind *Momus*, with Humour to tell,
What Scenes at *Stratford on Avon* befell:
O vary my Style as the Subject flows,
Now ambling in Rhime, now trotting in Proſe;
True to my Motto, till hoarſe did I baul,
What Devil from Hell poſſeſſes ye all?

GARRICK'S VAGARY:

OR,

ENGLAND RUN MAD.

SCENE I.

The BEDFORD COFFEE-HOUSE.

Enter Nettle, Fanciful, *and* Lurcher, *three critical Play-houſe Frequenters, the firſt angry, the others laughing.*

Nettle.

DO now be quiet—Pray let me get into yon Corner, that my Ears may have a ſoothing Receſs from the perpetual and grating Din with which they

are now moſt cruelly perſecuted---- Whithersoever I go, I can hear of nothing but Stratford, Avon, Shakeſpeare, Jubilee, and I know not what!

Fanciful.

What it means, I ſuppoſe ——

Lurcher.

You ſuppoſe! You do not mean to affront the Gentleman, I hope, by this indirect Implication of a Doubt concerning his Knowledge of Men and Books.

Nettle.

Why, really Gentlemen, I do not know well what to think of both, or either of you—whether you mean to be ſerious or jocoſe with your humble Servant; tho', by the collected Steadineſs of your Features, Mr. Lurcher, I ſhould

ſhould incline to think the former, yet, by a ſeemingly covered Archneſs in your Expreſſion, I have ſome Inkling to ſurmiſe the latter—Be that as it may, I care not; but be aſſured, you, Sir, as well as your Friend, Mr. Fanciful, whom I know to be of a ſmiling Diſpoſition, that I underſtand thoroughly the Purport, the Tenour, the Meaning, the Drift, and utmoſt Significancy of the Word Jubilee: and, from that conſummate Knowledge ariſes my preſent Indignation againſt the People of England, Men, Women, and Children, Clergymen, Soldiers, Lawyers, Phyſicians, ſuch as have no Patients, thoſe who have chuſe not to quit them, by Reaſon of the golden Rule---to ſee them, I ſay, running out of Town, pell-mell, after a Brat of *Judaiſm*, a ſince foſter-Child of *Popery*, now, forſooth, revived by an Actor, to the very imminent and

moſt alarming Danger both of Church and State——As a good Engliſhman, and a true Proteſtant, I feel much Concern, am patriotically hurt, at ſuch unwarrantable doings, at ſo papiſtical a Manœuvre, at this Time too.—I wonder how our Biſhops can remain quiet on ſo critical an Innovation——Let them look to it in Time, they have more to fear from its Conſequences than I—

Lurcher.

Why, Sir, you need not wonder at their Indolence or Supineneſs on this Occaſion, if you reflect how paſſively polite, and miniſterially complaiſant they deported themſelves at the paſſing of the Jew-Bill—Their ſpecific Philanthropy, univerſal Benevolence, and profeſſional Charity for their Fellow Creatures, never appeared in a more conſpicuous Manner, than in that delicately trying Circum-

ſtance

ſtance which afforded ample Matter of Admiration throughout the Realm.

Fanciful.

Surely you don't think you can take us in, that Way, my dear Lurcher; I know you well; this is one of your ſly Jokes, and might paſs on others, not on me—But to be ſerious a little, I declare for my own Part, that there never appeared to my Judgment but one Reaſon ſufficiently cogent to oppoſe the Jew-Bill's being carried into Execution.

Nettle.

What Reaſon is that, pray?

Lurcher.

Aye, tell us, for I ſhall be glad to know it.

Fan-

Fanciful.

Well, Gentlemen, to ſatisfy at once your Impatience and Curioſity, that, which may ſeem to you extraordinary, that Reaſon of mine conſiſts in, and is founded upon an antient Prophecy, declaring, that whenever the Jews ſhall have a Kingdom of their own, (which muſt inevitably have been the Event in England, had the Act in their Favour taken Place) from the ſaid fatal Epoch the World is to laſt but three Years.

Lurcher.

O! I thank you for this very obliging Information——

Nettle.

Such a Reaſon indeed may be adopted in the gay Circles which Mr. Fanciful frequents, but can never hope to paſs cur-

current among ſerious Enquirers, or Perſons of ſtrong Intellects, and athletic Cogitation——But let us return from trifling, to what we have digreſſed from, the Word Jubilee, of whoſe Origin, Intendment, &c. I propoſe giving you a ſuccinct, yet ſatisfactory Account. Then you, Mr. Lurcher, in a ſerious Way, and you, Mr. Fanciful, in a jocular one, may comment on what I ſhall unfold to you; that by ſuch a Proceſs we may be enabled juſtly to aſcertain with what Propriety this Term is now forced, or rather perverted, to notify and miſdecorate a new Species of Bacchanalian Revelling at Stratford upon Avon.

Fanciful.

Sir, my Ears are all Attention.

Lurcher.

Lurcher.

And ſo are mine—As you advance, we ſhall make our Obſervations.

Nettle.

You are to know, Gentlemen, that it became cuſtomary among the Jews to ſignify, by the Word Jubilee, the Return of every fifth Year, as that following the ſeven Weeks of Years, at which wiſhed for Period of Time all Bondſmen were ſet free; all Debts were then aboliſhed; all Lands, that had undergone Seizure, or been otherwiſe alienated from, reverted, to their original Proprietors—The cultivating of Land was prohibited during that Year, in which the Poor claimed all the Fruits of the Earth as their Right. None but indigent Iſraelites were entitled to this Privilege.

Lurcher

Lurcher.

There is no Affinity derivable from any of theſe Articles to the Stratford Affair.

Fanciful.

None in the leaſt—I ſhall be glad to know if any can be deduced from an etymological Inveſtigation of the Word——

Nettle.

As little, I aſſure ye; but attend—— "According to many learned Antiquarians, and *Maſius* in particular, this Term derives its Origin from the Name of the Inventor of muſical Inſtruments, *Jubal*, whence the Words *Jobel* and *Jubilee*, expreſſed the Year of *Deliverance* and *Remiſſion*; becauſe it was proclaimed to all by the ſounding Heraldry of one of thoſe Inſtruments. This deſirable Proclamation, on its being

 firſt

firſt inſtituted, and long after, was made known by the Sound of a not more elevated Conveyancer than that of a *Ram's Horn*——

Lurcher.

Here, indeed, Mr. Garrick, and his Brother Managers, may introduce a not quite inapplicable Similarity; and by which they would greatly oblige the Public, at leaſt the taſteful Part of it; and that is, by their procuring the Stage's *Deliverance* from the many undramatic Beaſts of Lumber under which it now groans. That Deed would certainly effectuate for them an entire *Remiſſion* of all critically candid Reſentment on this very provoking Account.

Fanciful.

Well hit off, I ſwear; but pray don't forget propoſing to jubilee the Delinquents

linquents out of Town, after their Diſmiſſion, with a well founded Chorus of Ram's Horns.

Nettle.

Naturam expellas furcâ licet uſque recurret!

HOR.

I ſee it were a vain Hope to expect a Reformation in you, Gentlemen; becauſe you [*to Lurcher.*] will never let ſlip an Opportunity of being ſarcaſtical; nor you [*to Fantiful.*] of playing the Wag—I cannot help confeſſing, that even from my Gravity you had almoſt extorted a Laugh. But ſtop your Merriment, that I may continue my Narrative. "In Imitation of the Jews, the Chriſtians have adopted the Name, and inſtituted *Jubilees*, which commenced under the Papacy of Boniface VIII. in the Year 1300, and are now practiſed every

twenty-five Years; but theſe relate only to the *Forgiveneſs of Sins*, and the *Indulgences granted by the Church of Rome*, with the additional Privilege of exhibiting a thouſand Pranks, Follies, and pious Buffooneries in Maſquerade.

Lurcher.

As for the *Forgiveneſs of Sins*, few of our theatrical Folks, I believe, think at all about it, from an internal Conviction, perhaps, that it would be to little or no Purpoſe—and they trouble their Heads too as little about the *Indulgences* of Rome, in that Article, at leaſt, good Proteſtants; while they are ſupported by the much more deſirable *Indulgence* of humane Britiſh Audiences.

Fanciful.

There I join with you, Friend Lurcher, and am highly pleaſed to find ſo pat an Apo-

Apology from the Pope of Rome for the Pope of Drury-Lane's introducing a Maſquerade, as one of the neceſſary Ingredients for completing a Jubilee.

Nettle.

What! at your ſevere and ſly Jokes again?—You'll not let me finiſh at this Rate—Pray interrupt me no more, and I ſhall ſoon have done——

Lurcher.

Well, we will animadvert no more till you ſhall have concluded.

Fanciful.

Agreed.

Nettle.

I rely on your joint Promiſe—" In the following Manner is the Jubilee opened at Rome—The Pope proceeds from St.

St. Peter's Church to open the Holy-Gate, which at other Times is walled up, and never opened but on the Occaſion of this grand Ceremony. His mitred Supremacy holdeth in his Hand a *golden Hammer*, with which he knocks three Times at the Gate, and repeats theſe Words *Aperite mihi Portas Juſtitiæ*, &c. "Open the Gates of Righteouſneſs unto me, I will go in thro' them, and praiſe the Lord." Whereupon the Maſons go to work, and demoliſh the Wall with which the Gate had been ſtopt up---That Operation over, his Holineſs kneels down before it, and the Penitentiaries ſprinkle him with holy Water.

That Part of the Ceremony being over, the Pope takes up the Croſs, begins to ſing the *Te Deum*, and penetrates into the Church, followed by all the Eccleſiaſtics——Three Cardinal Legates are, in the mean Time, ſent to open the

three

three other Holy Gates that are in the ſeveral Churches of St. Paul, St. Mary the greater, and St. John Lateran.

At the Expiration of the Holy, or the Jubilee Year, the eſtabliſhed Uſage of ſhutting up thoſe Holy Gates is as follows. The Pope begins by *bleſſing the Stones and the Mortar*, then lays the firſt Stone, and leaves there *twelve Boxes of Gold, and Silver Medals; after which the Holy Gates are walled up as before, and continues ſo till the next Jubilee*——". I have now, Gentlemen, fulfilled my Promiſe, ſo you are free to ſet about deſcanting thereon as faſt as you chuſe, nor ſhall I be diſpleaſed to hear your whimſical Conjectures, ſo you do not ſtrain the Matter too far.

Fanciful.

Omnis Comparatio clandicat: Every Compariſon limps, was a very wiſe Obſerva-

ſervation made by an antient Latin Writer; and that Truth will appear moſt glaringly, in my attempt to make an illuſtrative Application here——Firſt, "As the Pope goes to St. Peter's Church to open, &c." So did our Roſcius go to that of Stratford to have opened its Holy Gates, and for this Occaſion *only* ——To vindicate a Parity in Regard to what follows, we muſt ſubſtitute one of the Spectators drawn thither by Curioſity, and preſenting himſelf at the great Door of the Booth, then the Alluſion will ſlide on glibly——and, *holding a golden Hammer in his Hand*, that is, the Ticket, which coſt him a Guinea, *he knocks at the Gate three Times*, from a natural Impatience to get in, and have a good Seat, *repeating theſe Words, Aperite mihi Portas juſtitiæ*, &c. Open the Door, for I have a juſt Right to go in and hear the Praiſe of Shakeſpeare. *The*

Maſons

Maſons fall to work, and break down, &c. which is *tantamount o*; "the Perſons appointed to receive the Tickets open the Door, and let him in---*which done, the Pope kneels down, and the Penitentiaries beſprinkle him with holy Water*---ſo the Spectator being entered, ſits down, (being a much eaſier Situation than kneeling) and all thoſe of his Acquaintance, now become repentant for the Expences attendant on this Solemnity, pay him their Compliments from every Side; becauſe, by the French Words *l'Eau benite de la Cour*, i. e. the holy Water of the Court, nothing more is meant than fine Words, and parading Declarations, without any Intent of fulfilling them.

Lurcher.

By Jupiter, that is well hit off—I thank you---I envy you for it---Previous to that brilliant Diſcovery, you had hobbled on but in a very aukward Manner, which made me to look on you ſometimes with an Eye of Compaſſion.

Nettle.

I profeſs too, Mr. Lurcher, I am not a little exhilarated by the ingenious Feſtivity of that Conceit---It denotes, moreover, the Gentleman's having had a French Education, and his knowing that Language well---Proceed then, Mr. Fanciful---

Fanciful.

Fanciful.

No, Gentlemen, I know my Intereſt too well: and, ſince you are both now in ſo favourable an Opinion of me, I will not run the riſk of loſing it; therefore do you, good Maſter Lurcher, take up the Subject where I left off.

Lurcher.

With all my Heart---but let me think a few Moments---*Then taking up the Croſs*, &c.---Here we are to ſubſtitute our *Roſcius*, entering the Booth at *Stratford*, followed by all his theatrical Tribe, of various Denominations; *and then, taking up* not *the Croſs*, but the *Ode*, he begins to read, ſoon after his vocal Auxiliaries to ſing; ſo on alternately to the End. *In the mean Time, three Car-*

dinal-Legates to have three other holy Gates opened, &c.--- like unto this Act of Courteſy, three Actors, dreſſed for Shakeſpeare's three Cardinals, Wolſey, Campejus, and Pandolph, might be ſent to the three different Departments of the Booth, 1*mo*, That in the Front, 2*do*, That on the Right, and 3*tio*, That on the left Hand, to ſee that ſo reſpectable a Company was duly accommodated---*When the holy Year is expired*, the holy Gates are *ſhut up*---ſo, the Stratford Jubilee over, the Door of the Booth is to allow no more Admiſſion of Perſons, and for the very good Reaſon that it will, in all Probability, be pulled down, and carried away---The Pope, after *he has bleſt the Mortar and Stones*, lays *the firſt Stone*---ſo Mr. Garrick might give a very effectual Bleſſing for Mortar, as well as Stones, and lay the firſt himſelf, towards erecting

ing an Obeliſk commemorative of the Ground whereon the Booth ſtood, and there to continue till the next Jubilee ---The Pope leaves behind him *twelve Boxes of Gold and Silver Medals*. How far Roſcius *might chuſe to imitate* this Example *I cannot pretend* to ſay.

Fanciful.

But this I am ſure of, that beſides his own expending on this Occaſion, which borders even on royal Munificence, he is the Cauſe of a very conſiderable Sum of Money being circulated at Stratford, and all around, for which the Inhabitants there muſt ever retain a grateful Remembrance.

Nettle.

There is one Thing ſticks with me yet. What Neceſſity was there for an Oratorio?

Fanciful.

Fanciful.

Becauſe, I ſuppoſe, no other kind of Performance would be allowed of in the Church.

Lurcher.

Well then, if abſolutely neceſſary, why was a Choice made of *Judith?*

Nettle.

Aye, that is what I ſhould be glad to know.

Fanciful.

Why the Reaſon is very obvious—— there being no Oratorio called *William* to be done in immediate honour of himſelf, a judicious Approximation was thus made, he having had no Sons, by complimenting him thro' his eldeſt Daughter *Judith*——

Nettle.

Nettle.

That is too much, Sir, there is no heating any more.

[*Exit.*

Lurcher.

O! my dear Fanciful, that is too groſs a Hum for me to ſwallow--So, your humble Servant---

[*Exit.*

Fanciful.

I am glad they are gone, being almoſt tired of ſpinning out the Subject ſo long ——I'll go and amuſe myſelf for the reſt of the Evening at the facetious Repreſentation of a Character that can never ſatiate, the truly abſurd and favourite *Cadwallader*.

[[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Chamber in an Inn on the Road to Stratford upon Avon, *a Table with a Bottle, Glaſſes,* &c.

HEMLOCK, CROTCHET.

Hemlock.

CONSIDERING that we rode but common Hacks, and ſet out rather late from London, I think we we have made tolerable Speed.——

Crotchet.

We ſhall get to Stratford early enough in the Afternoon To-morrow for the Completion of my Plan to defeat this prodigal Novelty of celebrating the Memory

mory of an idle Deer-Stealer—Since Maſter *Roſcius* had the Petulance to reject my Comedy, I will do for his Vagary, and have already ſent him an anmous Hint of it in Rhime.

As in *Farquhar*'s Play young *Jubilee Dicky*
Is repentantly forc'd to cry *peccavi*;
Ev'n ſo with our Pens expect we ſhall lick you,
Thou vain and preſumptuous *Jubilee Davy*.

Hemlock.

What vile Traſh! But no Matter, as we are both embarked in the ſame Bottom. The Fellow does not want ſome ſmattering of Senſe, but will, in the Devil's Name, ſtrive againſt Nature to be a Poet.---Upon my Word, that is a pretty jingling Conceit of yours---unborrowed, and original, I warrant.

Crotchet.

Certainly.

Hemlock.

In return for that pert-jubilee Gentleman's treating a Tragedy of mine in a not more obliging Manner than he did your Comedy, I purpoſe to ſee the Vanity of him and his vagrant Crew adequately puniſhed on this Occaſion, and made to undergo ſome ſtinging Mortification.

Crotchet.

I am actuated with a like Inclination of diſturbing this ridiculous Pageantry; and if you communicate your Scheme to me, ſhall unfold mine to you, that we may mutually aſſiſt in forwarding each other's Plan.

Hemlock.

That will I, Sir, and cheerfully--- My Project to put a Stop to this riotous and unjuſtifiable Meeting, ſo hurtful to all the neighbouring Manufactures, making

making all the Folks run ſo mad abroad, and gad, for what? For a Player's panegyriſing a Player, at a Time too when the gathering of Crowds gives ſo great Offence to Government, I found upon legal Authority, as I ſhall now read to you in this Extract from a parliamentary Act.

" Be it declared and enacted by the King's moſt excellent Majeſty, by, and with the Advice and Conſent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and Commons in this preſent Parliament aſſembled, and by the Authority of the ſame, that from, and after the Twenty-Fourth Day of June, 1736, every Perſon who ſhall for Hire, Gain, or Reward, act, repreſent, or perform, or cauſe to be acted, repreſented, or performed, any Interlude, Tragedy, or Comedy, Opera, Play, Farce, or other Entertainment of the Stage, or any

Part, or Parts thereof, in Caſe ſuch Perſon ſhall not have any legal Settlement in the Town where the ſame ſhall be acted, repreſented, or performed, without Authority by Virtue of Letters-Patent from his Majeſty, his Heirs, Succeſſors, or Predeceſſors, or without Licence from the Lord Chamberlain of his Majeſty's Houſhold for the Time being, ſhall be deemed to be a Rogue and Vagabond, and ſhall be liable and ſubject to all Mal-Penalties and Puniſhments, and by ſuch Methods of Conviction, as are inflicted on, or appointed by the ſaid Act for the Puniſhment of Rogues and Vagabonds, who ſhall be found wandering, begging, and miſordering themſelves, &c. &c."

Crotchet.

The Spirit of this Act (which is very ill-digeſted, abſurd, nay, an infamous one,

one, and ought to be repealed for many Reaſons, which I have not Leiſure now to enforce) apparently makes for you; but then I doubt that you will be able to procure any Juſtices in or about Stratford to carry it into Execution, unleſs there be among them ſome kindred and relative Deſcendants from the Family that hunted Shakeſpeare to London——Beſides, methinks there is an evaſive Loop-Hole for them to elude any legal Purſuit.

Hemlock.

Which is that, pray?

Crotchet.

That the Ode to be performed in the Booth has not been acted; therefore does not fall under the penal Denominations recited in your parliamentary Extract.

Hemlock.

Hemlock.

It has been acted at Drury-Lane Theatre privately, to prepare it for a public and money-taking Exhibition at Stratford, and afterwards is to be repreſented at Drury-Lane Theatre as often as the Public will countenance it—What call you their Proceſſion, Maſquerade, &c.? I tell you that every theatrical Man and Woman, that ſhall Speak, Sing, Walk, Fiddle, or Dance there, are comprehended in the Act alluded to---There will be fine picking, to have fifty Pounds ſterling for every Male and Female Head, though Heaven knows how little is the intrinſic Value moſt of them can pretend to!

Crotchet.

I by no Means approve of your Scheme, becauſe it is fraught with too much

much Danger, and therefore think my own, as the more practicable, to be the more eligible.

Hemlock.

Let me hear it, I am always open to Conviction.

Crotchet.

I mean, by attacking the Pride of the Performers, to raiſe a Spirit of Mutiny and Revolt amongſt them, will hint to them, that this new-fangled Manner of exhibiting the Company with their theatrical Inſignia, to ſtaring Crowds along the Streets, is a degrading of their Profeſſion, and reducing them too nearly on a Level with the formerly deſpiſed Paraders before the Booths of Bartholomew Fair---for ſtrip Bayes of his new-raiſed Troops, then what becomes of his imaginary Kingſhip?

Hemlock.

Hemlock.

O you have always loved to be well with the Players—for my part I hate the Wretches, becauſe in general they are as ignorant as Dirt, yet vain as Peacocks. For their inſolent Behaviour to me at Times I am reſolved to be even with, and make them know the difference between ſuch Miſcreants, ſuch ſecond-hand Exiſtences, and me---Damn them, is it not I and other Authors of my Rank that ſupply them with daily Bread? Are they not our Parrots? What muſt become of them were it not for the words which we put in to their mouths?

Crotchet.

What would alſo become of the Words and Writings of Authors, if there were not ſuch Parrots, as you are pleaſed to call them, to give Utterance and Energy to their Meaning?---There are,

are, beſides, ſeveral among them whom I eſteem as valuable Members in private Life, and admire their Talents in a public Capacity.

Hemlock.

That being the Caſe, Sir, I will travel no longer with you---I ſee that I am in Danger of your blowing my Scheme to the Players; and a Perſon who talks ſo favourably of muſt be bad as any among them. By ——

Crotchet's making no other Reply but with a Laugh, provoked Hemlock's raiſing his Voice higher, as well as his Oaths, and almoſt to Blaſphemy, until a Juſtice of the Peace entered from a neighbouring Room, to make him preſerve Order, pay for the Oaths he had ſworn, and obey the Laws.

Hemlock.

I pay you! that would be ſtretching Poetical Licence too far indeed——As for the obeying Order, Law, Precept, or

Regulation whatſoever, though laid down by Ariſtotle, by Horace, or even thoſe of Syntax and Proſody, I ever ſcorned, as you may ſee by my Works [*takes ſome out of his Pockets.*] Theſe Memoirs in Proſe, two Poems, and three Acts of a Tragedy—match them if you can—I am the Nonſuch of Parnaſſus, you Blockhead.

During this Speech, Crotchet contrived to ſlip out of the Room, paid the Reckoning, ordered his Horſe from the Stable, and returned part of the way back to London that Night, renouncing his idle Intent to interrupt the Stratford Feſtivity. Hemlock ſwore ſo much, and became ſo rude to the Juſtice, that he was obliged to commit him to Priſon, where he remained three Days, until ſome Gentlemen of his Acquantance, on their Return from Stratford to London, having got Intelligence of the Tranſaction, procured

his

his Diſcharge, and brought him with them to London. The Confinement was, however, ſo far lucky as it prevented his being ducked in the Avon; from which poetical River he could not hope to riſe a melodious Swan, but, what he hath always been, a cackling, offenſive Gooſe.

SCENE III.

STRATFORD UPON AVON.

A Lodging Houſe.

Sir Benjamin Scrutiny, Lord Charles Candid,

Sir Benjamin.

WELL, my dear Lord Charles, I think our Apartment is as pleaſantly ſituated as poſſible in this Town, and from theſe Windows we have a commodious Proſpect of all the gaily attiredFigures as they paſs to and fro.

Lord Charles.

I could almoſt become poetical on the Occaſion, and had we not had a Number of Things to ſee for the ſhort Time we propoſe being here, I could find in my Heart to ſit down and write away, to this rhiming Meaſure, in what People of Faſhion are pleaſed to call the eaſy Gentleman-like Stile.

Never a Sight ſo fine was ſeen,
In Stratford Town, or neighb'ring Green,
What rich dreſs'd Ladies, flaunting Beaus,
How fit their ſelves for Raree-ſhews!

Honeſt *Ralph* comes boldly along,
Forcing his Way divides the Throng;
And why ſhou'd he not, ſince he can?
For, Waunds, he's *Shakeſpeare's* Countryman.

Sir Benjamin.

So far, not amiſs, my Lord---

Lord Charles.

O you flatter me, Sir Benjamin---But what heightens the moving Pictures before us, is the hearty, ſtaring, broad-faced Earneſtneſs of the ſimple Country-folks, that form ſuch an entertaining Con-

Contraſt to the ſpruce, pert, and diſciplined Features of the Londoners, laviſhing their Nods, and twinkling with their Eyes at every Perſon they can pretend the leaſt Knowledge of —

Enter Servant.

My Lord, Notice is given that the Oratorio is going to begin.

Lord Charles.

An Oratorio! Well---To the Oratorio let us go——

Sir Benjamin.

I attend your Lordſhip. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Lord Charles, Sir Benjamin, on the ſecond Morning of the Feſtival, as they are going to the Booth to hear the Ode.

Sir Benjamin.

WHAT an Original and teſty Mortal that is, whom we have got rid off; ever torturing himſelf to

to find Fault, and looking out for the worſt Side of Things---he can't forgive Mr. Garrick this very laudable Undertaking---" Why ſhould he, forſooth? and Why? and Why? and Why?" to all his Why's my Anſwer is, and every unbiaſſed Perſons will be, that no other Individual could have been the principal Agent here, with ſo much Propriety. This Project too may be conſidered, in ſome Meaſure, as the diſcharging a Debt of Gratitude; becauſe to the immortal Bard's Writings, the admirable Performer at his firſt launching on the Stage, in the Characters of Richard, Lear, &c. owed the eſtabliſhing of that Fame, which has ſince procured to him an ample Fortune; a Part whereof cannot, ſurely, be better employed than on an Occaſion like this.

Lord Charles.

Really, Sir Benjamin, I think ſuch ridiculous Objections deſerve rather Con-

Contempt than to be ſeriouſly refuted—— How many Places contended for Homer's Birth? What Nation, any way civilized, is not proud of having produced a Genius, and exults at every Mark of publick Honour that is paid to him. For my Part I am not only pleaſed with, but obliged to Mr. Garrick, for his having been chiefly inſtrumental in ſo commendable, nay ſo patriotic an Inſtitution.

Sir Benjamin.

You think very juſtly, my Lord—— The Intention in every Thing is to be attended to; and a generous Mind will bound over all little Over-ſights and unforeſeen Accidents that may intervene: ſuch as the fall of Rain, we are ſurpriſed with, that prevents Mr. Angelo's ſhewing his Skill in Fire-works, as it entirely ſuperſedes the intended Proceſſion.

Lord Charles.

How many aching Hearts in and about

bout Stratford on that Account—Do you know, Sir Benjamin, who is that well looking Gentleman juſt gone by with folded Arms and down-caſt Eyes, muttering to himſelf with diſcontented Accents—now in Italian, *Qual cattivo tempo*, now in French, *Quel mauvais temps*, what bad Weather!

Sir Benjamin.

That is the identical Mr. Angelo I juſt now mentioned to you, whoſe Mortification gives me ſome Concern, becauſe I am informed, that he has taken uncommon Pains to make a moſt elegant Apparatus of Fireworks.

Lord Charles.

The beſt Way to comfort would be to tell him, that it is not from mere Chance alone this threatning Impediment and dire Conſequences of a Storm are gathering round the Town, but that they are cauſed by the ſpecial Mandate and Agency of ſuperior Beings, which

it

it were in vain for weak Mortals to attempt oppoſing—And as Venus ſhewed to Æneas in the laſt fatal Night of Troy, by removing the Film of Mortality from before his Eyes, that it was not the Greeks, but combined Deities that worked its final Overthrow; ſo one might poetically endeavour alleviating Mr. Angelo's Anxiety by a Suppoſition of Great Shakeſpeare's Shade being returned from Elyſium, and on the Top of Stratford-Church to have ſung Strains to this Purport:

Obey me, ye Fairies,
Whoſe Reign o'er the Air is,
And drive Clouds ſcatter'd together,
Stratford afflict with foul Weather;
For Shame to my Glory,
It ſhan't live in Story,
That I'm to Gun-powder beholding:
That were a Demerit
My Fame ſhan't inherit,
So bear to the Steward this ſcolding;
Dull *Comments* and *Fireworks* alike I deſpiſe,
Thro' my own native Blaze I ſoar'd to the Skies,

Go tell my lov'd Roscius I've ſaid with a Frown,
That, proudly, I'll ſhine by no Light but my own.

No ſooner was this agreeable Mandate given, than away flew the little Gentry, Eaſt, Weſt, North, and South. They let not the leaſt Cloud *eſcape their Search:* On ſome of which one Party ride a Cock-horſe, others drive larger Ones before, and others drag after them the heavieſt; till, by aggregating their manifold Collection, the Atmoſphere is curdled into a lowering Aſpect, that makes the drooping Swans of Avon, from Time to Time, look up with melancholy Eyes, and the ſorrowing Naiads to ſigh along the Banks, at the Dread of ſo unwelcome and ſo rude a Viſitation.

Down falls the Rain, and all warm Hopes of a fiery Exhibition are extinguiſhed. The aerial and watry Engineers ſcout through all the Streets of Stratford and its Purlieus, to ſee the Act

of

of puniſhing in which they are employed is effectual, that the illuminating Lamps have undergone a general Devaſtation; and to break thoſe which, by the Benefit of their Situation, might have eſcaped. Here again, allured by the groteſque Idea, I cannot refrain from ſtumbling out of Proſe into Rhime,

Though this, Sir, to *Angelo* may be bad Luck,
What Sport, O ye Gods, for the Fairies and *Puck!*
Lo wherever the Tempeſt chances to fail,
They volley with Nut-ſhells, that patter like Hail;
And are as delighted with this frolic Job,
As young School-Boys broke looſe an Orchard to rob.

Sir Benjamin.

However ſuch droll Imagery might contribute to make People ſmile, it would, I fancy, afford but ſmall Satisfaction either to Mr. Angelo or the Diſburſers of the Expence for the intended Fireworks---The Company is going very faſt into

the Booth: Let us quicken our Pace, my Lord.

Lord Charles.

Have with you. I feel a critical Impatience to hear Mr. Garrick read.

SCENE V.

Lord Charles, Sir Benjamin, the Morning of their Departure from Stratford.

Lord Charles.

SIR Benjamin, I know that you have as little Paſſion for Horſe-racing as myſelf; therefore ordered my Equipage to be got ready for our Departure. The Maſquerade was brilliant: Several of your Acquaintance enquired of me if you were indiſpoſed, as they did not ſee you there.

There

Sir Benjamin.

There are but two Motives, and thoſe not virtuous Ones, that can hinder a Maſquerade from being one of the dulleſt Places in the World; thoſe are gaming and intriguing. Gaming I always abhorred, and of intriguing I was never fond; moreover, my Affections are at preſent entirely devoted to a very amiable Object. Without either of theſe two Attractions, what Pleaſure can there be to idly ſtalk up and down amongſt a Croud of People, that by the diverſified Abſurdity of their Dreſſes, appear to be fitter Inhabitants for Moorfields than an Aſſembly of rational Beings?

Lord Charles.

Will you not allow that dancing, for young People, may be an harmleſs Enticement.

Sir

Sir Benjamin.

Perhaps——That depends, however, upon the Circumſtance of whom they dance with, &c.

Lord Charles.

I ſhould not have ſtaid long there; but in Conſequence of a Whiſper, that Meſſieurs *Foote* and *Macklin*, characteriſtically dreſt, as *Shylock* the ſnarling mercileſs Jew, and the merry good-natured Devil upon two Sticks, were to come and ſtrike out between them a Dialogue, which, conſidering what excellent Actors they are, each in his Way, promiſed the higheſt Entertainment. But our Expectation, ſo highly wound up, was ſoon let down by an Information, that immediately after the Ode, Mr. Macklin having diſcovered that the Chambers in which

which they had lain the Night before were ſituated over the Combuſtibles prepared for the Fireworks, alarmed Mr. Foote with the Apprehenſion of *a new Gunpowder Plot* being intended againſt them; and that, ſhould they be blown up, it would give the Laugh ſo ſtrong on *Garrick*'s Side againſt them, that were he to hear of it in the other World he ſhould be eternally unhappy---The Remonſtrance had its Weight, it ſeems; for off they went---This Incident, to be ſure, was odd, but cannot be imagined through any Deſign of Mr. Garrick, whom I would never forgive, notwithſtanding the Excellence he diſplayed in his Part of the Ode Yeſterday, which ſhewed him in a new Light, and that *Decies decies que placebit*, the oftener ſeen will give increaſing Pleaſure; ſhould he, I ſay, thus clandeſtinely ſcheme the Deſtruction of thoſe two Gentlemen, but con-

continually call upon him with theſe upbraiding Rhimes,—

What a barb'rous Deed, cruel *Garrick*,
Tho' beſt Friend* to the Muſe of Warwick§,
Was't civil or fair,
To ſquib Friends in Air,
How ſuch a Loſs repair!

Sir Benjamin.

If this whimſical Reaſon, cauſed as I ſuppoſe it did, a Laugh among the Maſqueraders, I was entertained with one to the full as Original of a Movement, that was made Yeſterday by Mr. King, from the Place he got up to ſpeak in, and by Sprightly, a Student in the Temple, who, like myſelf having no reliſh for Maſquerades, viſited

* The beſt Friend to a Perſon is the He or She who calls forth, and ſhews the other's Merit in the moſt advantageous Light.

§ Is a *pars pro toto*, and means Warwick; an allowed Figure in Writing, eſpecially Poetry.

me

me in your Abſence. When I aſked him what he thought was the Cauſe, he replied, It was to ſtand by a Lady, give his *Macaroni extempore*, to be held in her Hand, but ſeen by no body elſe, to put him right, ſhould he go wrong.

Lord Charles.

O! I am the Gentleman's very humble Servant for that poignant Enucleation ——.

Sir Benjamin.

He is an odd Mortal, and looks at every Thing in a whimſical Light; he deſcribed to me the ridiculous Behaviour of ſome Authors come down here to each other, hinting by their mock-conſequential Looks, Geſtures, and Shrugs, as much as to ſay, What has brought that Fellow to Stratford, I wonder; can he afford it? who has paid

for him? Then he compared them, in his humorous way, to their Sister-Proſtitutes of the other Sex; as the one by Mind ſo the other by the Perſon, and both for the ſame irreſiſtible motive, to live; and againſt which all arguments fail: for Choice is but ſeldom the caſe, on either Side.---

If the humble Night-walkers of the Strand, yielding to an ambitious Impulſe, take deviouſly to the Aſcent of Catharine-Street, they are driven back with the Charge of Impudence and Vanity unbecoming ſuch low Wretches, by the mid-region Nymphs that are ſtationed there; who, likewiſe, muſt keep their due Diſtance from the ſtill higher-lodged Damſels, of Bridges, of Bow-ſtreet, and Covent Garden. What a cox-comical laughable Compoſition is human Nature!

Lord Charles.

And truly ſo it is, Sir Benjamin--- and I do not know any Department of it, ſo groſsly ridiculous in general, as that of Authors; for the far greater Number take their ſeparate Opinions of each other, and there is not a good one Living, nay, that can write Engliſh. Name a new Work to them that has met with the Publick's univerſal Approbation, for inſtance, the *Jubilee Ode* performed at Stratford, how much better could they have done it!

Sir Benjamin.

Authors, to meet with more Regard from others, muſt learn to be more equitable, and behave mutually with more Reſpect to themſelves, as is experienced by thoſe Gentlemen in whom

Genius and Literature are under the Guidance of Good-Breeding.

Enter Lord Charles's Valet.

My Lord, your Poſt-Chariot is ready.

Lord Charles.

Allons, Sir Benjamin---by the Number of Equipages drawn out and looking the way we intend to go, we ſhall have Company enough, wherefore let us take the Start of them, as I make my Exit, from our immortal Poet's native Town, with a concluſive poetical Flouriſh, or rather farewel Crack of the Pegaſean Whip.

Poſtillions are mounted; each ſmacks the Thong;
Off Score how they drive! and all the Day long,
For *London* away, for *London*'s the Song.
The rapid Zeal of thoſe Phaeton Blades,
Their ſwift-flying Palfreys ſinks into Jades:
Then is heard on each Road; Gee-ho, Gee-hup,
For as they droye *Down*, ſo now they drive *Up*.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

The Apollo *Room, at the* Shakeſpeare's *Head,* Covent-Garden; *where are diſcovered, ſitting round a Table, on which is a Repreſentation of the* Mulberry *Tree, a Group of* qualified Connoiſſeurs, *and the Author of this Pamphlet, their weekly Meeting, called the* Mulberry-Club.

The Author.

HERE, Gentlemen, I conclude my ſportive Career, my excurſionary Trip from London to Stratford, and from Statford to London, back again to the ſame Ground from which we departed, and that is ſo dearly beloved by us all, the Garden by Excellence: with which none other can be compared. Sure this is Method, if ever Method was!

Under

Under the Maſks of ſeveral fancied Characters, I have attempted to convey the different Opinions of different Minds as well as my own, for and againſt the late Jubilee, and incidental Events, without, it is hoped, any Body's taking Offence thereat, becauſe none was meant. However, ſhould there be found a Perſon, or Perſons, ſo unreaſonable; I care not, conſcious of my own Innocence as to that Point.

The

The EPILOGUE.

To be Spoken, or Sung.

WHATEVER began muſt ſure have an End,
'Gainſt ſuch a Truth there are few will contend;
The Lot of this Pamphlet, Fate of the World,
When into Chaos original hurl'd!
Let us then with *Glee* enjoy't while we can,
Life's but a *Catch*; who can *laugh* is the *Man*:
Come fill up your Glaſſes, honour my Toaſt,
The *Laurel* to him who prais'd *Shakeſpeare* moſt.
Envy defeated is in a Quandary,
While we Bumpers drink to *Garrick*'s *Vagary*:
Can Homage ſo juſt make *England run mad?*
No; falſe is the Charge: all Worthies 'twill glad.
Let Critics diſſent, or let them agree,
We'll ſing, and dance round the Mulberry-Tree.

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